

THE TIMES.

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DODGE CITY, KANSAS.

A Dissipated Nobleman.

Lord Buford has disappeared from Jersey City, and with him his faithful valet, Mark Hudson, who, like that other Mark made famous by the pen of Dickens, was never more jolly than under the most depressing circumstances. And that the circumstances surrounding the young scion of nobility and his trusty servant have been depressing in the extreme is sufficiently proved by the record of their recent career of the two during the last thirty days.

Just before going from New York to Jersey, Lord Buford passed ten days in the Tombs. On reaching Jersey City he took rooms in the Philadelphia Hotel for himself and his valet. At the close of the eighth day, being unable to settle his bill, he was forced to vacate the premises without his baggage. On Wednesday night he applied at the Gregory Street police station for lodging at an early hour in the evening, and on the arrival of Capt. Dickson he and Mark Hudson were accommodated in the detention room, where they remained for the night. They quit the police station in the morning, and a few hours afterward Mark was arrested for peddling without a license (he had been trying to sell a few of his master's vests in Bergen Hill), and Lord Buford was locked up on suspicion of being a sneak thief. Having proved his innocence and that of his faithful follower, he was permitted to depart; and since Thursday nothing has been seen of either of them.

"He is a fine looking fellow," said the Sergeant in charge of the Gregory Street Police Station, yesterday; "and I don't know whether he is a fraud or not. He registered here as 'Captain Henry,' his valet registering as 'Mark Hudson.' The relation between the men was that of master and servant, as far as we could judge by appearances; but the valet had a jolly air about him that was hardly in keeping with the circumstances."

The proprietor of the Philadelphia Hotel says he has no doubt that Lord Buford is what he represented himself to be. He said he was the son of the late manufacturer of the celebrated Henry rifle, that he had been careless with his money, had spent much, and had been robbed; and that he was waiting for remittances from his mother. He left several well filled trunks at the hotel, and among other things were the preserved leg of a favorite hunting mare, a set of fencing masks, a riding suit of fine material, and an ulster that must have cost \$125. Lord Buford is a gentleman, without a doubt; but he is not capable of taking care of himself.

The missing Lord had been, evidently, on a prolonged spree, and did not know what he was about. A few days before he left the Philadelphia Hotel his servant took several articles of clothing out to sell, and disposed of fine shirts that cost \$5 for one-tenth that sum. On one occasion Lord Buford pledged a valise full of clothing for twenty-five cents. After he had spent five cents for a glass of beer, the good-natured barkeeper with whom he had pawned his property, returned the valise, taking twenty cents in exchange.

Where the errant Lord is now nobody knows. Report had it that he had gone to Hoboken, but careful inquiry among the hotels of that city failed to reveal his presence.—*New York Sun.*

—A Rochester book agent went into a house on his dignity, and tried to sell a copy of "Helen's Babies." He came out on his ear. There were twins in the house, and the folks knew more about babies and the other place than could be put in a stack of books as big as a church.

—The German Government has appropriated four and a half millions of marks for additional buildings to the University of Strasburg, which are to accommodate 1,500 students.

—A high-toned American family is occupying ex-Empress Eugenie's villa in Florence, Italy. They pay big rent for the snobbishness of the thing.

Thackeray and Dickens.

When Hepworth Dixon was editor of the *Athenaeum* (a journal which made its mark in his hands), he was on terms of friendly intercourse with Thackeray. The intimacy was rudely severed, several years before the great novelist's death, in this way: One day the editor of the *Athenaeum* received from Smith, Elder & Co., publishers, a novel with a special note intimating that the work deserved a good notice on its merits, and a foremost place in the *Athenaeum's* reviews, because it was written by an author who had a great name, and who was destined to make a stir in the field of fiction. The editor gave it to my friend, a critic of considerable power, with general instructions to do justice to the new writer, and make the notice the first article of the week. The critic attacked the book, but Mr. Dixon edited his paper thoroughly, and frequently took liberties with his critic's proofs. In this case he toned down the review, and it appeared. With all its revision, the article was, nevertheless, a stinger. Three days afterward the editor received a letter from Thackeray. Instead of "My Dear Dixon," it opened curtly with "Sir," and it charged Dixon with striking at him through his "innocent girl." Dixon replied in a note, in which he frankly stated that he did not know who the writer was, and reciting the bald information given to him by the publishers, and pointing out that he had given the book the most prominent place in the paper. But Thackeray was not satisfied. He got it into his head that Dixon had conceived some sudden hatred of him, and had hit him through his daughter, who was the author of the book in question. Now, it was a practice with Dixon and his staff that the writing in the *Athenaeum* should really be anonymous, and the men were pledged to this. One day the critic who had written the review met Thackeray at the Garrick. "That scoundrel Dixon," said the novelist during a brief conversation, "stabbing me through my poor, innocent child!" Then raising his arm excitedly, he said, "And I know who persuaded him to do it—that vagabond Dickens!" Thackeray had, it must be remembered, been opposed at the club by Dickens in the Yates row. Nevertheless, Thackeray on many occasions paid brilliant tributes to the genius of his rival in literature, to which Dickens had never responded. In this respect Thackeray exhibited a manliness that was wanting in the conduct of Dickens.—*New York Times.*

Judgment Against a Masonic Lodge.

A very interesting case was decided recently, in St. Louis, by which a judgment was obtained against a Masonic Lodge in that city. The title of the case was Mary J. Ferris vs. Polar Star Lodge No. 79, and the officers and members of the lodge, Charles Thaw, Master, G. W. Luke, W. B. Ryder, Chris S. Rodgers, Dan. G. Taylor and W. C. Depree. The circumstances of the case are that Mrs. Ferris's husband, who had his life insured for \$5,000, died, and she collected the money from the insurance company and loaned the lodge \$4,000 which was secured by a promissory note of date October 3, 1870, which note was payable 12 months after date at the Third National Bank. The note was indorsed by the officers and members of the lodge named above. When it became due it was not paid and Mrs. Ferris was given some second mortgage bonds as collateral, which were afterwards proved to be entirely worthless. The case was submitted to the Jury about 5 o'clock p. m., and in a few minutes the Jury returned a verdict of \$4,639 for the plaintiff, being the amount of the indebtedness with interest.

—A London paper says: The latest eccentricity, next to the yellow color, invaluable to dark beauties and fatal to fair ones, is American beef. Dinners are arranged for the purpose of tasting it; luncheons are improvised in order to expiate on its merits. Deities of kitchens are appeased by presents, to sacrifice the claims of the family butcher, and house wives undertake omnibus journeys to the ice-cold stores in Cannon Street, valiantly bringing home sirloins in baskets, to the horror of conductors and the annoyance of fellow-passengers.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Green Pea Fritters.—1 pint of cooked peas, mash while hot, season to taste, make a batter of 2 eggs, 1 cup of milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful cream-tartar, 1 cup of flour; beat hard, and cook as for griddle cakes.

Roquet Pickles.—1 gallon of chopped cabbage, 2 quarts green chopped tomatoes, 6 onions sliced thin, 1 ounce of ground pepper, 1 ounce of whole allspice, 1 ounce of celery seed, 1 gallon of vinegar, 1 ounce of whole cloves, 1 cup of white mustard seed, 4 gill of salt, 4 pound brown sugar.

Chili Sauce.—12 large ripe tomatoes, 1 large onion, 4 red peppers, and chop all together fine; 2 cups of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar, 1 teaspoonful of ground allspice, 1 teaspoonful of ground cloves, boil until thick, then bottle and seal.

Omelette Souffle.—For omelette souffle, with orange-flower water, put the yolks of 10 eggs, with 1 pound of fine sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls of orange-flower water, in a large bowl, and mix thoroughly with a wooden spoon; mix with this the well whipped whites of 14 eggs, and put the whole into a lightly buttered baking-dish; bake 20 minutes, sprinkle with fine sugar, and serve at once.

Oil-cloth around Stoves.—When oil-cloths are put down around stoves, they wear out on the edges unless protected in some way. Strips of zinc are used by some, but are not as good as common carpet binding, doubled and tacked along the edge, or one edge of the binding put over the oil-cloth and the other under and fasten with tacks. Strips of full cloth—gray, or any shade to suit the taste—will answer very well, and can often be cut out of the best part of a garment that has been thrown by. For a common room this last is as good as any thing, and is the most economical.

She is Waiting.

A well-to-do widow living in the northern part of the city has during the past winter depended solely upon the sun to clear her walks of snow, and boys with snow-shovels and policemen with notices have failed to alter her programme. Yesterday morning after the big storm there was a drift a foot deep in front of her house, and a boy with innocent blue eyes and flaxen hair rang the bell and brought her down the hall at a trot.

"Does the Widow—live here?" he asked, as she opened the door.

She said she was the person named, and he continued:

"You've been a real good to us poor folks this winter, and I run over from Woodward's to say to you that there's the nicest sort of a man in a drug-store over there asking about you."

"About me?"

"Yes'm. He's got a big gold watch, and diamonds, and a plug hat and gold-headed cane, and I heard him ask the clerk if you were married yet."

"He did?"

"Yes'm, and when the clerk told him no, he asked for the number of your house, and I heard him say something about old love—graves—recollections—big house on Fifth Avenue, New York, and he sighed. I believe he's comin' over here."

"Who can it be—who can it be?" she mused.

"Hain't the least idea. He doesn't look as if he was used to wading through the snow, and I thought I'd slip over and clean up your walks."

"Yes—ah—of course—wait a minute, bub."

She ran and got a silver quarter, patted him on the head, and went in to get on her best clothes. She didn't see the boy any more, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon she was still looking over toward Woodward Avenue, her optics having a tired expression and her nose a weary pose. Boys shouldn't be up to such tricks. If it isn't downright lying it is deception in the second degree, and it upsets household arrangements for a whole day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Methodist and Methodist Protestant Churches will hold general conventions in Baltimore, beginning May 11. It is expected that the union of the two churches will then be consummated.

—Six school-ma'ams of Central New York have recently started for Buenos Ayres, South America. They each got \$500 in gold for the expenses of their passage, etc., and a salary of \$2,400 in gold per annum for five years. At the expiration they are to get a six months' leave of absence and \$500 in gold for the expenses of the trip to this country and return.

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